

**BENJAMIN BENSON, ESQ.**

**MARIETTA, GA**

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May 7, 2016

Hon. Colleen McMahon, U.S.D.J.  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
United States Courthouse  
500 Pearl Street  
New York, NY 10007

**Re: Moshe Mirilashvili**

Dear Judge McMahon:

I am an attorney licensed to practice in the State Courts of New York and Georgia, as well as the Federal and State Courts of New Jersey. I have been a licensed attorney since 1998 and am currently In-House Corporate Counsel for Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC.

I write to provide Your Honor with the fullest picture possible of my uncle, Moshe Mirilashvili, M.D., as well as to respectfully request leniency when Your Honor renders her sentence in July 2016.

I love my uncle dearly. With the exception of my own father, he is the finest and most decent man whom I have ever known. He has been like a second father to me and has always provided me with love, encouragement, support and kindness. My uncle always treated me like the son he never had and I consider his daughters to be my sisters.

Our families were always inseparable and we did everything together for the first two decades of my life. This would include taking family trips to Coney Island on weekends or just spending leisurely days together at Flushing Meadow Park. Even after all of the children eventually grew up, went off to college, got married and had their own children, we have remained extremely close.

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I know more than most the kind of man my uncle really is and of his character. I know more than most about the goodness and kindness that is in his heart which he freely shares with his family, friends and the thousands of patients that he has faithfully served and helped for the last four decades in his home State of New York.

My uncle is the kind of man who would give a stranger the shirt off his back. He has the innate ability to get along with everyone, make those around him happy and comfortable and to bring people of all backgrounds, nationalities and races together. He is truly a special man.

My father and uncle are brothers. They are extremely close. They have two sisters, one of whom recently died due to complications from [REDACTED]. Their entire family, which included young children such as me and my uncle's oldest daughter Nina, emigrated from the Soviet Union in 1975 during the height of the Cold War due to religious persecution. As Your Honor can imagine, Jewish families like ours suffered greatly during this time period in the Soviet Union and were fleeing that nation in droves.

Still, the decision to flee was not an easy one. My uncle and all his siblings, including my father, were all young, successful physicians in the Soviet Union. They gave that all up and left all of their worldly possessions behind in order to make the long trip to the United States and start a new life. They came here with no money, had no place to live and absolutely no proficiency in the English language. They literally came here with nothing and their medical degrees from the Soviet Union were worthless upon their arrival to the United States. So my uncle and the rest of his siblings found any small jobs that they could in order to support their families. This included working in fruit stands, delivering flowers or driving taxi cabs in Flushing and Forest Hills, Queens.

For the next several years, my uncle and all of his siblings worked tirelessly to learn English so that they could take their medical equivalency exams which would enable them to practice medicine in the United States. They accomplished their goals in the face of incredible odds and lived the American dream.

My uncle is a true American success story. He became an incredibly successful anesthesiologist and pain management physician. He and his family ultimately moved to Long Island. He became a well-known and beloved pillar of his community and regularly attended and donated to his community Synagogue. By the grace of God, he also became a grandfather to three wonderful and intelligent granddaughters whom he has always doted on.

My uncle is now sixty-eight (68) years old. My greatest fear is that this kind, loving and wonderful man will spend his final days away from those that love him the most. I humbly beseech Your Honor not to let that happen.

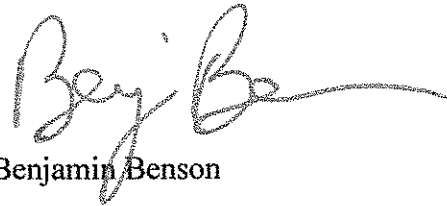
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Thank you.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Benj Be", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Benjamin Benson